

# The Acorn

Vol. XIX

WORCESTER STATE COLLEGE, WORCESTER, MASS.

December, 1960



## Christmas Greetings from the Acorn

Constance Bousquet  
Michael Feer  
Ethel Helgesen  
Gloria Rheaume  
Charlotte Ruberti  
Claire Tarrant

Joseph Cooney  
Maryanne Shea  
John Gaumond  
Marcia Horan  
Dr. Carlton Saunders  
Mr. Joseph Foley  
David Beard

Mary Doherty  
David Tarkiainen  
James Robinson  
Pauline Shea  
Edmund Cadorette  
Patricia O'Grady

## EDITORIAL

The ACORN extends the greetings of the season to the faculty and student body of W.S.C. We hope that all find the peace associated with Christmastide and consequently make more permanent the feeling of brotherhood that pervades us at this season.

\* \* \*

This issue is focused on Christmas, its customs and our thoughts on them. We have all but eliminated student news. Regular features will be resumed in the next issue—the first of '61. Meanwhile, **A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year!**

## The First Great Christmas Carol

The first great Christmas Carol was sung amid the stars, out of doors, about the fields of Judea. In the Middle Ages strolling minstrels and groups of little children went from door to door in the streets and lanes of England singing carols which voiced the joy of the season. This custom is commended by Herrick in the following appeal:

What sweeter musick can we bring,  
Than a Carroll, for to sing,  
The birth of this our Heavenly King?  
Awake the Voice! Awake the String!  
Heart, Eare and Eye and every thing  
Awake....  
The Darling of the world has come,  
And fit it is, we finde a roome  
To welcome Him. The nobler part  
Of all the house here, is the heart,  
Which we will give; and bequeath  
This Hollie, and this Ivie Wreath,  
To do Him honour; Who's our King,  
And Lord of all this rejoicing!

Robert Herrick (1591-1674)  
E.A.H.

## Santa Claus Came Early

"Merry Christmas — Only 365 Days Until Next Christmas." This ad will probably be the next step in a carefully prepared plan of attack upon the shopping public by the O.T.G.T.P.T.S.E. (Organization to Get the People to Shop Early) The Organization, as we shall call it for the sake of brevity, must be lurking around some corner in the business world, waiting for instructions from its director, Let's get All the money, a

## The Age and The Challenge

To the editor:

The enclosed is an answer to a question asked of a group of students at W.S.C. It was a class assignment and not prepared for publication purposes. However, it is such an excellent statement that I should very much like to see it appear in our Acorn.

Vera M. Dowden.

Assignment: Why do you want to be a social studies teacher?

### The Age and the Challenge

Without challenge our world would stagnate. Without the con-

stant threat of regression we would know nothing of progression. America was founded on the principle of acceptance of the challenge thrown at her from the mother country. Freedom, dearly won and dearly clutched, happened because our forefathers chose to meet the challenge rather than retreat from it. The challenge hurled at us today, from all sides, must again be accepted. Those who must accept this new challenge are the shiny-faced boys and girls who today sit in the classrooms of America. If they are prepared and "armed," the victory is ours. We, the social studies teachers, must help them to don the strongest and best armor.

The social studies are designed to help the student know and understand his fellow beings who trod upon this clay called earth. Our ever-expanding world is a contradictory one. As our outlooks and viewpoints expand, the world becomes smaller and closer to us. Our job is to prepare the youngster entrusted to us for a future fraught with dangers, deceptions, and obstacles which threaten our very existence. This frightening realization is not unconquerable and a very long way from being hopeless. Our future is as strong as this generation, guided by us, can make it. This is a challenge to me and to you. I love a challenge.

Why am I a social studies teacher? What else could I be?

(Continued on Page 6)

## THE MENACE OF MEDIOCRITY

(From an article by Nathaniel Leverone.)

A demoralizing force has struck at the very roots of the American way of life. It brain-washes the young; it destroys initiative in industry; it frustrates the ambitious; it impedes our nation's progress; and it is a threat to our very existence in years to come.

This force is the enthronement of mediocrity as the pattern to which all must conform.

You see it on all sides. In schools, the dull student must not be made to feel inferior by denial of passing grades, because it might give him a complex.

By the same token, the brilliant pupil is given no incentive to excel because the competition upon which all with initiative thrive has been largely eliminated.

Even in such exact studies as mathematics, where right and wrong are definitely determinable matters, grading is often done on the curve, rather than on a basis of 100 percent accuracy. Many schools are dispensing with grades because giving poor grades might give the recipient an inferiority complex.

No wonder many of our college graduates spell atrociously, know little or nothing about grammar, and cannot write a legible hand. The fact that many who are entering college are not able to read well enough to assimilate their teaching has become a national scandal.

What a pity that the greatest single forces in the world's progress seems to be in its last dying stages. The desire to excel, to rise above one's surroundings, to create something better, has always been the source of every advance mankind has made.

(Continued on Page 5)

## Christmas 1960

Turn off the tree lights,  
Depress the glow,  
The day of the year,  
Will suddenly go.

People be noiseless  
Put on your nightcaps;  
Christmas 1960  
Will succumb to a nap.  
M.H.

man devoted to the cause of creating the "ideal shopping season"—ideal for the merchants, that is.

Last year the Christmas season began on the day after Thanksgiving. This year it seems that Santa Claus came for Thanksgiving dinner. Wouldn't you think that these few extra shopping

(Continued on Page 4)

## The Acorn

**The Acorn** is a student publication of the State College at Worcester, Massachusetts. It is printed by Saltus Press, located at 41 Austin Street, Worcester, Massachusetts.

Editor-in-Chief . . . . .	Joseph J. Conney
Assistant Editor . . . . .	Maryanne E. Shea
Secretary . . . . .	John F. Gaumond
Treasurer . . . . .	Marcia A. Horan
Faculty Advisor . . . . .	Dr. Carleton E. Saunders
Assistant Faculty Advisor . . . . .	Mr. Joseph J. Foley

STAFF: Mary Ann Benjamin, Constance Bousquet, Mary Doherty, Michael Feer, Ethel Helgesen, Micael Mulcahy, Gloria Rheaume, Charlotte Ruberti, Pauline Shea, Claire Tarrant.

Cartoonists: David Tarkiainen, Patricia O'Grady.

Photographer: David Beard

Sports: James Robinson

## Christmas Steel

A great sea of mud upheaved as a giant shell smacked into the war torn soil of France. Machine guns rattled their song of death; shrapnel screamed over head; airplanes dived, twisted, and burst into flames; and men died. Was this what God meant Christmas to be?

Between the German lines and the water filled trenches of the great Allied Forces lay Grant Lenton, a lieutenant in the United States Army. His right leg was badly mangled, and a gaping hole showed at his chest. Blood saturated the muddy uniform of which he had been so proud.

Beside him knelt another youth, badly wounded but conscious, Erick Kauser. He was but a lad, eighteen years to be exact. Lying about his age, he had entered His Majesty's Imperial Army and became a private.

Both men had wandered separately into the small shell hole after an intense barrage. Together in the midst of great turmoil they had braved the terrifying blasts of steel, from friend as well as foe, in this tiny excavation.

In such a position, unable to move because of terrific fire, they had lain waiting for that inevitable moment when man-made death would bring the world crashing about them, ending the life they loved so well.

In such instances enemies become fast friends. And so it was with the German and American alone in the shell hole. Heartwarming stories of home, the irony of this war-time Christmas, and saddening tales of lost comrades and of unending war—these brought the two men into a close comradeship with each other. Both swore an oath to meet each other again after the War.

Then came the whistling scream

### Our Own Way

(Continued from Page 3)

unsurmountable barrier of fear and heartache, when God is honored with the simple faith of a child. All is the same, except the simplicity has changed over almost 2000 years; it is still beautiful only now we celebrate Christmas in a different way the way of a modern world. Many people criticize this manner of honoring Christ on Christmas; they say Christmas is all commercialization. But it really is not, because this is our way, in a new world, a world that is a far cry from what it was nearly 2000 years ago, a world that has progressed and changed. We cannot live the Christmas season the way our ancestors did, we must live it our way; we cannot regress, we must progress. In our hearts we can still hold the same feelings for this holiest of seasons, but in our actions we must go forth with time.

C.T.

of a high-powered explosive shell, a roaring, tearing blast, and then deathly silence.

Erick knelt over his friendly enemy, a brave man. No, Grant wasn't dead yet, life still lingered. He was suffering, though, suffering horribly. He was conscious.

"Erick, I'm dying. Notify the family, old man. Here's luck!"

Erick lifted the man's head in his lap as he nodded.

"Yes, Grant."

Grant smiled.

"We've received our Christmas present, Erick, shrapnel from the guns of man."

Grant's last words died away in an unintelligible gurgle; his body grew rigid, then became limp. His soul had passed.

Erick did not know, however. He also was dead. A sniper's bullet had found its mark.

C.R.

## A Modest Proposal

The condition of the cafeteria of late leaves much to be desired. The students are leaving after them all kinds of refuse: unfinished lunches, dishes, cups, trays and other paraphernalia of all kinds and descriptions. It is not a pleasant sight to see. When one enters the cafeteria lately, it is a common thing to have to look for a table which is clean. This is due to the lack of spirit on the part of the students who are not willing to clean up after themselves. I feel sure that none of us is ever asked to sit at tables like this at home. Furthermore, I feel sure that we frown on this



## What IS Wrong With American Children?

Yes, there is something wrong with American children, and to understand exactly what it is, we must make a comparison with Russian children. Yes, I said Russian.

You, as well as I, know that American children spend a good deal of their time whining, squabbling, or even breaking things. The surprising fact is that Russian children do not have these awkward pastimes.

Can you imagine twenty or so two-year-old babies in a nursery awakening without jumping up, crying, or demanding attention in any way? Or a group of youngsters planting and tending flowers in elaborate flower gardens at an all-day kindergarten? Such is the case in the state of Russia. The children are free and unrestrained.

When these youngsters prepare to go home there is no jostling and horseplay. When a child is rebellious, disobedient, or destructive, he is given jobs that interest him and bring up his prestige in the eyes of the other children. There is never a hand raised against a child.

On the whole, Russian children are remarkably well-behaved, and do not yell, fight, or break things. It is difficult for us to even imagine such children. They never whine, and they cry only briefly when they hurt themselves. They are warm, spontaneous, polite, and generous.

Now, we must get to the root of all good, and see exactly why the children behave so well in Russia. As we all know, the Russian people have a very strong sense of common purpose. They do not feel any indignation at the idea that a citizen's only important purpose is to serve the state. They constantly, actively, and con-

scientiously fulfill their civic duty toward Soviet society.

Therefore, it stands to reason that all parents and teachers, since they are devoted to a common cause, agree that the children must have the qualities of industriousness, love of education, co-operativeness, and dedication to country. The children sense this clarity and agreement everywhere, which results in good behavior. Can you find two American families whose ideals are identical? Try it and see.

The common ambition of getting ahead in the world does not bind us together, but puts us in competition with one another. Our belief in progress creates changes in our attitudes, rather than semblances. How many of us are attending college for the sake of making a contribution to society? On the other hand, how many of us are here simply to get

(Continued on Page 6)

kind of thing in other eating establishments. Why do we do it here?

The problem that this kind of action presents is two-fold. First, it takes the personnel who run the cafeteria away from other duties of an already busy schedule. These people who serve us in the cafeteria are always well-mannered, immaculately clean, and cheerful. They have a very busy program and are doing all they can to make things as pleasant as they can for us. Secondly, it makes it virtually impossible to find a table (at which to sit) that is not littered with refuse.

I propose that we all do whatever we can to alleviate this condition. We can do this by taking our own things away and by taking away any others we happen to see at the table. If we set an example by doing this, perhaps others may follow it. I further propose that we all give Mrs. Whitney the cooperation she deserves for running a cafeteria so efficiently for us. How about it? Will you all join in these resolutions? Thanks. See you at a clean table at the "caf."

M.O.V.

**FORMAL  
FRESHMAN PROM  
"FROSTED  
FANTASY"**

**January 6, 1961**

Music: J. Salerno

**Santa Claus**

(Continued from Page 2)

days would have been enough? But no, as Allthemoney told the organization, "What this country needs is a year-long Christmas season so that the consumer can spend all his money." And so began one of the most clever schemes ever perpetrated upon the eager, American shopper.

"The first thing we have to do is get a bill before Congress to eliminate all legal holidays; and then, we've got to get robots behind the counters on Sunday. In that way we are giving the public a chance to shop every day for the best bargains at any price."

This was the beginning. There are still many difficulties to overcome before the "ideal shopping season" becomes a reality, but the cash registers are ringing, the coins are jingling, and the paper money is crinkling. All this is the music which will soothe the tired, throbbing, trend-setting brain of Letsget Allthemoney, head of the O.T.G.T.P.T.S.E.

L.M. Hudson



## The Bells

Round the world today bells peal out the glad tidings of the Saviour's birth. In cities, chimes sound joyously from cathedral towers, while in the belfry of a small church a single bell spreads through the countryside the same message, "Christ is born!"

Long before the celebration of Christmas, bells were used during religious services. They were rung in Egypt at the Feast of Osiris; Jewish high priests wore gold bells on the borders of their robes, and used handbells in their ceremonies. The Priests of Cybele at Athens did the same; and at Rome, Emperor Augustus had a bell hung before the Temple of Jupiter.

In Christianity, bells also acquired a sacred character. Tradition tells that St. Nicholas, too, carried a handbell on his visits; and Befana, the Italian gift bringer, rang her bell as she entered homes.

In Italian homes, when the church bells pealed out on Christmas Eve, the family lighted candles around the manger scene and began their festivities. The sound of the chimes in Scandinavia was the signal to stop all work, to close the shops, and to attend the church services.

In Spain, church and cathedral chimes ring out at midnight; the streets are filled with people hurrying to Mass. Also in South America, when the bells call everyone to church, the worshippers kneel there in prayer. Then as the chiming ceases, they rise and greet each other with a "Noche Buena."

In the United States we are reminded of the close association of bells and Christmas, for many communities use them for festive street decorations. In our shopping districts, we hear the sound of handbells asking us to help "keep the pots boiling" so that the needy may have good Christmas dinners.

G.R.

## Winter Carnival?

We should most definitely have a Winter Carnival during the first week of February. Since our entire social calendar consists of three dances per year, an activity such as a snow pro-

## In Our Own Way

**Christmas** — a cold and barren manger, a star shining bright above, a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and laying in a manger, the birthday of the son of God to be called Jesus of Nazareth. How very often we forget the simple but beautiful first Christmas and all that it means. There was no great wealth to be seen until the three Wise Men brought it to honor Him — all that existed was a cold crisp night filled with stars, the warmth of a manger filled with straw and the breath of animals. On Bethlehem's hillside were shepherds watching their flocks and in the dark sky were angels singing "Gloria in excelsis Deo." Yes, it was plain and simple, there was no fanfare of trumpets, no feasting, but it was beautiful. God had come to earth in the form of a man to dwell with mankind and to teach them perfect love and humility.

**Christmas** — when to love one another solves all our problems, when friends draw closer together for the sheer joy of knowing one another, when "to err is human, to forgive divine" breaks down the

(Continued on Page 4)

### President's Christmas Message

I am delighted to extend the greetings of the season to the faculty and students of the Worcester State College.

At this time of the year we turn our eyes to the spiritual values which lifted man to his present high plane. Although we realize that true perfection can never be attained in this life, it is the goal for which we strive. Looking backward over the history of mankind we realize further the human race as the years have progressed has moved closer to this goal of perfection. Happiness, serenity, peace, satisfaction, and hope are found near this goal.

If we could spread the spirituality of this season throughout the entire year, we would move rapidly away from many of our present ills and discords. May we endeavor to extend the virtues of this season throughout the year.

President Sullivan

### Inside Out

Decembertime in college . . . still full of turkey and stuffing and all . . . football season's over . . . basketball, just begun . . . cheerleaders, frantic with energy . . . any spectators yet? . . .



gram would be enthusiastically supported by our student body. Snow sculpturing, skating, and bowling could be added to our already scheduled basketball game and possible dance of the same week. If we want this activity, we must notify our M.A.A. and W.A.A. representatives. These people will need a boost from us, both in spirit and hard work. Let's have a Winter Carnival!

E.C.

last minute tests before Dec. 16th . . . D warnings in the mail . . . part-time jobs . . . record fire drills . . . trees and churches in the tunnel . . . wintertime . . . Christmastime . . . snowtime . . . vacationtime . . . flurries and flakes in the air . . . ice on the streets . . . chills in my bones . . . red noses . . . cold breaths . . . frozen feet . . . colds . . . and aspirin . . . and cough drops . . . Christmas spirits . . . and parties . . . "Chestnuts Roasting On An Open Fire" . . . "Silent Night" . . . and "Rockin Around The Christmas Tree" . . . the old and the new . . . hidden presents . . . bustling, breathless shoppers . . . bargain basement pandemonium . . . whispered surprises . . . Santa Clauses on every street corner . . . jingling bells . . . and carols . . . and lights . . . the Worcester Common . . . empty Christmas stockings . . . Christmas trees, still bare and lonely looking . . . cards and greetings in the mail . . . no snowballs yet . . . wonder and joy in the world . . . who said



## The Yule Log

At this time of the year, the Druid priests chose a Yule Log which they blest with much ceremony and proclaimed that it should be kept ever burning. Each year a brand was saved to rekindle the new fire. From this early origin grew the present day custom that exists in most of Europe.

The flame of the Yule Log was considered symbolic of the light that came from heaven when Christ was born. It is also symbolic of Christ as "The Light of the World."

The Yule Log was chosen months before the Christmas holidays in order that it would be thoroughly dry, burn more easily, and send out a brighter light. The brand was always as large as the fireplace and often the log had its gnarled roots still attached to it.

There was a firm belief that all who helped bring in the Christmas brand would be insured against harm from witchcraft in the coming year. Therefore, it was customary for the whole family and all the servants to go out to the forest to drag the trunk into their home.

While the fire burned briskly and sent out its cheery gleam, children danced in the firelight under the boughs of mistletoe and other holiday greens. Everyone was happy, for he believed that the Yule Log had power to protect his home from evil spirits and to destroy old hatreds and misunderstandings.

As the flames leaped higher and higher, the household joined in and drank toast after toast to the blazing Christmas brand.

G.R.

Christmas is for kids? . . .

New Year time . . . "Auld Lang Syne" . . . 1961 . . . Back to college with a smile . . . resolutions, made and broken with determination . . . all A's this year' . . . no cuts . . . only good moods and hard work . . . drive . . . energy . . . motivation . . . sainthood, anyone? . . . examtime . . . studytime . . . worrytime . . . oh, relax men . . . Leap Year's almost over for four more years . . . any winners, girls? . . . just a passing fancy . . . visions of Cape Cod for a summer tan . . . brown skin and warm sand . . . oh well . . .

Merry Christmas everyone . . . see you next year.

M.E.S.



## Seniors Take Intra-Mural Title

The Senior Elementaries parlayed a strong passing attack (featuring Terry O'Hara and Wally Enman) and a rock-ribbed defense, led by the unquenchable Ed King, into a 12-6 victory over Sophomore Secondary 8 for the Intramural Touch Football championship of the college.

However, the Sophs with Pete Teguis alternately throwing and receiving, Dan Sullivan throwing, and a stout defense of their own made this affair one of the closest championship games in years.

Midway through the first half, O'Hara eluded Soph linemen and heaved a long toss which the be-spectacled Enman grabbed with a lunge after it had been deflect ed by a defender in the end zone.

## Age and Challenge

(Continued from Page 2)

I'm involved in a tense and torrid love affair with this country and its future. I couldn't be anything else but a social studies teacher. Social studies involve the fine art of living. Show me a subject matter area not similarly involved. If there is one it does not have a place in our schools or lives. I teach because I like teaching. I teach social studies because I like people.

J.R.

The underclassmen dug back and late in the first half Teguis made a great grab of a Sullivan pitch in the corner of the end zone to tie the contest.

The Seniors' winning tally was set up when O'Hara (a great two-way performer that day) picked off an overthrown Soph pass and sped down the sideline to within a few yards of the goal line. A down-and-out pitch from O'Hara to Enman fell incomplete, but on the next play Terry lobbed a pass to the slanting Enman for the winning score.

Members of the winning Senior squad were the following: Wally Enman, Gerry Gendron; Pete Grillo, Ed King, Terry O'Hara, Jack O'Leary, and Pete Trottier.

Members of the Soph squad were the following: Rube Olson, Dick Pearsall, Tony Prendergast, Dick Rydant, Fred Schultz, Dan Sullivan, and Pete Teguis.

J.R.

## What Would You Like To Find In Your Christmas Stocking?

William Farrow: "Nothing really. Or maybe a long playing record of 'Bah Humbug's."

Mrs. Julie Clark: "A doctor's degree for my husband, a new house, an education for our children and . . ." (At this point we left.)

Bill Johnson, "Kim Novak."

Nancy Knuffke: "A real Live Martian. I've never seen one."

Ruth Desmarais: "My diploma."

Sandy Dow: "I'm sorry. Anything that requires me to think I can't do."

Martin Forhan: "A Valiant."

Janice Gallant: "A diamond ring."

Charlie Rososky: "Maryanne Shea."

Doug Johnson: "My foot."

Paul Chegnan: "A school full of spores."

Evelyn Lewida: "An interesting book."

John Messier: "You don't mean what. You mean who?"

Mike Vecca: "A blank check."

Elaine Giles: "A pink Cadillac."

Miss Smith: "A B.O.A.C. ticket to Africa."

Roger Brown: "A new bathenette and a few rooms on my house."

Norm Wheeler: "Santa Claus."

Mrs. Kay Bolduc: "A Maid."

## Not Only St. Nick

and Arrow shirt... Nothing can stop the romance of singer Ben Dover and sprinter Dot Dash from becoming an airport: he's idle and she's wild... Lost Wages bookies will not handle any more bets on Jr. Secondary III's basketball team in the intramurals... Reliable sources indicate a reorganization of the world renown A & P Gypsies. This time the band will play strictly for wakes, tornadoes, and Stop & Shop openings. . . . Lunching at the Cobb Webb yesterday: shoe manufacturer Thom McAn, racehorse owner Parry Mutuel, and dog food exec Ken L. Ration. . . . Weddings over the week-end:

(Continued from Page 5)

Smith-Corona, Remington-Rand, Dow-Jones, and Hofsteder, Miller, and Aaron. . . . Flash: a scandal may break when it is learned that Chef-Boy-Ardee was really born in Stockholm, Sweden. . . . Seen together often: Peter Prep and a rare Miss Steak. . . . Special tomorrow at all Waldorf cafeteria's will be a honeymoon sandwich: lettuce alone. . . . Watch for these headlines in the near future: Hoover cleans up thugs and ruggs, U.S. Army hails General Electric, Big mix-up on Hamilton Beach, Man drowns in Jordan Marsh, and Joe College finally gets a seat in the cafeteria.

R.S.

## Expanding MAA Program

An extensive, varied program has been planned for the second semester by Athletic Director John Mockler and the steering committee of the Men's Athletic Association.

The activities planned include several which have really proven successful in the past. Intra-mural basketball will again be featured, as well as an intra-class tournament.

An all-college bowling program is contemplated. If there is sufficient student interest, both candle-pin and ten-pin leagues will be set up. However, individual membership will be restricted to one of the leagues.

In co-operation with the Women's Athletic Association, roller skating (at a small cost to the students participating) will be offered.

Of course, the success of any program of this type is dependent on maximum participation on part all interested men students. All those interested in taking part in these programs are urged to sign up at the men's phys. ed. office before the semester exams begin.

J.R.



## American Children

(Continued from Page 4)

a better job, or to solve the problem of matrimony? These common American attitudes do not serve to unite or inspire us; that's for sure! Now you can see for yourself the differences between Russian and American ideas about common purpose.

I do not entirely blame the American people for this lack of common cause. Perhaps the many nationalities of Americans, the recent theories of child-rearing, and the lack of deep traditions have delayed the finding of a common cause.

Russian parents don't have to worry about different theories. They take it for granted that they only need to pass on to their children the straightforward ideals to which the entire nation is devoted, and that these will guide them to satisfying, productive lives.

This contrast should encourage the American people to set high standards for their children, and to make it clear to the children what is expected of them. Children who are guided firmly are not only pleasanter to live with, but they are much more happy themselves.

Americans should develop a strong sense of national purpose

## Lancers Drop Opener

A steady second-half parade to the foul line, in which they sank a bushel of free throws, enabled Lowell State College to wipe out a 32-22 Worcester State College half-time lead and go onto edge the Lancers 65-62 in a game played in Lowell, November 29.

Effective outside sniping by Steve Kokernak and the drives of Bert Bolduc and Tom Murphy enabled the Lancers to go off at intermission with the 10 point spread.

The lead was extended to 13 points with about 8 minutes left in the game, thanks to a strong second-half shooting performance by frosh Dick Lamothe. A closing Lowell spurt, paced by Gallagher and Koza, wiped out the deficit in a four-minute span—a period in which the local shooters went cold.

Gallagher of Lowell with 26 points was high scorer, while Kokernak, Bolduc, and Murphy all were in double figures for the Lancers.

In the preliminary game, the W.S.C. Jayvees walloped the Lowell S.C. Jayvees 60-44. George Melican with 22 points and Tom Collins with 14 lead the Jayvees in the walkaway.

Box Score:

### Lowell

	G	F	T
Gallagher	7	12	26
Koza	5	6	16
Manovsos	8	2	18
Pelley	1	1	3
Cote	0	2	2
	—	—	—
	21	23	65

### Worcester

	G	F	T
Murphy	4	5	13
Bolduc	6	1	13
Kokernak	7	2	16
Welcome	1	1	3
Lamothe	5	0	10
Kulesza	2	3	7
Denechaud	0	0	0
	—	—	—
	25	12	62

J.R.

which will give meaning and direction to every aspect of life. For instance, we need more and better schools, a solution for racial discrimination, and I am sure you can think of some other common purposes so that we would have enough to last for many decades. Then we might find ourselves, save the world from destruction, and give our children a sense of dedication and worth.

A.M.S.

If you have any comments please write to the Reader's Forum.